

Year of the Dead Horse, Day One

by Tom Thompson

Untangling the knots of knees and elbows,
Anne left the couch
While he slept alone in the overstuffed chair.
She was still in the bathroom while the rest of us cleaned up
The skins of the old year;
Bottles, cans, seeds and stems, crushed cigarette packs, a cup of brown spit
And a condom wrapper in my couch cushions.
There was crying through the bathroom door.
Anne was sure it was him, asleep in the overstuffed chair.
He was small and rode gently while she slept,
Then crawled off to sleep away
The sins of beer and penetration.

Experiment

by Shane Noecker

Bring your art over and pour it out next to mine.
Forget test tubes and beakers.
Pour it out like wine on the tabletop.
Connect the far ends of the puddles with thin copper wire.
Let them intermingle, repel, attract, and match.
Predict whether the reaction will end in water or fire.
As we wait, worry, and watch,
Let me know if you feel a moment transpire.
But please don't look at the clock.